

Mark Geary**"Volunteer"**

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My lover left me
She left me too soon
I shouldn't blame her much
But the state of my room
I started stumbling and chasing the bells
The metal straps upon my knees
Made this sound when I fell
And you heard those words from your piers
I was just your volunteer

I loved my Uncle Georgie
Uncle Georgie's my friend
He spent his life fishing
Washing dishes weekends
And I tried to say something sincere
Sign me up I'll volunteer

My father left me
He left me too soon
I thought he'd say something
Before he waltzed from the room
And all I remembered was my hands at my side
The face of a woman who once was his bride
And all I got left with was tears
Seven lonely volunteers

We look for Sister Mary
Sister Mary's the pale
She holds her head sometimes
And walks close to the rail
She sings on a Sunday
And stands on the stairs
She haunts me at night time
When I've forgotten my prayers
And we don't see much of her here
A winter weary volunteer

The captains need order
It helps them stay sane
The plumbers hate slaughter
It fucks up the drains

And hard-hats must be worn at all time on the site
It don't make no difference if you're lost in the light
The men here make last their career
They don't talk to volunteers

Oh how your life cuts me
And rips through my bones
We pretend that it's nothing
When we're on the way home
And I wish you'd abandoned me here
So I can be a volunteer

I thought you were dreaming
Been listening for days
The crime wave it hurts
Even though it still pays
And Babyface Mendoza and the Bruiser Mandrake
Had a plan for re-election using an old Jedi mind trick
The Tappan Zee Bridge has grown ears
To hear the drowning volunteers

Yeah the Tappan Zee Bridge has grown ears
I hear the drowning volunteers

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